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Puck

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OH, THE INCONSISTENCY OF HUMAN NATURE!

HE MOURNS THE DESTRUCTION OF ENGLISH LIVES AND AN ENGLISH SHIP THAT WAS DESIGNED TO DESTROY THE LIVES AND SHIPS OF OTHER NATIONS.



PUCK,
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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**CONCERNING
THE NEED OF
CONFIDENCE.**

THE WHOLESOME reaction following the President's proclamation convening Congress August 7th, nicely proves this truth: that about eighty per cent. of our recent financial distress has been caused by an excited imagination. We have applied the "mind-cure" to the only kind of disease that ever succumbs to that treatment—a disease of the mind—with the best of results. The Sensational Press is responsible for this great preponderance of our financial ills. Knowing that the paper prophesying the direst calamity sells the best, it has not hesitated to distort the truth and create needless alarm, on all possible occasions. The business interests of the country have reaped the fruit of this dishonesty. The Sherman Law is a foolishly dangerous law and must be repealed; but, bad as it is, it could not have caused, by itself, the ills we have suffered. The Sensational Press has treated the financial situation as it treated the cholera scare last Fall. It has more to answer for in the present instance, as the consequences have been graver. Republican and Democratic papers alike are responsible for the fictitious fears that have caused the real disasters. Each party has tried to see in how many ways it could cry "Ruin!" Each has heaped up a mountain of disaster to be laid at the door of the other party.

The silver states have gained some valuable experience. They have witnessed the same phenomenon that is beginning to puzzle the wool-growers of the country. They have seen over-production follow undue protection, with the, to them, startling result of lowering the price of their staple. Wool is lower to-day than it has ever been before, because of the left-handed protection afforded it by the McKinley Bill. Silver has reached its present low ebb because of a fictitious value placed upon it by a vote-seeking Congress. The analogy would be more complete, perhaps, if Congress had compelled the Government to buy wool to be stored in the vaults of the Treasury along with silver; but even now it ought to be striking enough to stir the silver states to new thought. What the country needs just now is a restriction of the imaginary disasters in which the calamity editor revels; and the free and unlimited coinage of public confidence.

**CONCERNING
ALTGELD'S PARDON
OF ANARCHY.**

The pardoning power of an executive is one that has always been handled with extreme delicacy. Instances are rare in which a pardon has been granted except after the best citizens of the community concerned have expressed their belief that

the offense has been condoned. Even then the pardon is extended as an act of mercy, and the freed criminal is rightly made to feel that his release is due to the probability of his becoming a good citizen. It would be hard to find a more flagrant breach of the pardoning power than that made by Governor Altgeld of Illinois, in pardoning the three Anarchists. His manner of performing this act has blinded the eyes of the public to the merits of the act itself. He has made martyrs of the Anarchists who were hanged, and he has accused the courts that had to do with their conviction, from the United States Supreme Court down, of their murder. The Governor of Illinois did not simply pardon three Anarchists; he pardoned Anarchy. The one astounding feature of the entire proceeding is that the voters of Illinois should have elected such a man to be the Governor of their commonwealth.

**CONCERNING
THE VICTORIA
DISASTER.**

There are two consistent ways of looking at the loss of the British warship. If a high state of proficiency in the science of wholesale killing is compatible with correct ideas of civilization, the humanitarian element must be eliminated from a rational consideration of the case. In this view, the loss was insignificant in comparison with the valuable lessons it has taught. It was simply the loss of a battle ship costing seven million dollars, from a great navy costing two hundred and sixty million dollars, together with the loss of a few hundred trained men. The efficiency of the British navy is not impaired, as both losses can be easily replaced. It was an unfortunate incident, but it taught all nations the efficiency of the ram as an offensive weapon, and the necessity of a better system of protection for ordinary battle ships, in the way of balancing, and air-tight compartments. The good American may felicitate himself that the United States, alone, has built a vessel solely for ramming purposes, and that no other nation has yet built a dynamite cruiser.

There is another view of all naval construction. In looking back over the march of civilization it is interesting to note that this is one department in which we have steadily receded. In olden times the warrior was content to hack his enemy to death with a blunt ax, or to transfix him with a spear. Civilized man has devoted a considerable part of his energy to devising more ingenious methods of death for his fellow-men. His increasing facility in invention only enables him to intensify the barbarism of the dark ages. Quite an anomaly, is it not? And think of the millions that have been practically wasted in offensive and defensive inventions—wasted, because the two have kept such equal pace that we are just about where we started. In this view of the case, the loss of H. M. S. Victoria is a catastrophe so horrible in its savagery that it belongs back in an age before they began to number the years. Here were huge toys being played with by thousands of men whose training gives the lie to peace. Two of them collide; one of them goes down through seventy fathoms of water to the bottom of the sea—an iron coffin with its four hundred bodies—and all because of a trifling bit of carelessness, as you might drop your umbrella on the pavement. This luxury was afforded by a nation whose pauper class is conspicuous. We are quite aware that it would seem the height of absurdity to even hint that the whole two hundred and sixty million dollars invested in England's navy could be applied to any better purpose. But there is a glaring inconsistency in regarding the loss of the Victoria and her brave men as we would regard the loss of as many people whose objects were peaceful. We can not consistently look upon such a loss as a calamity, so long as the science of killing is a necessary ingredient of our civilization.

TIME WORKS WONDERS.



DICKEY (aged 18).—Will you marry me, Pen?
PENELOPE (aged 20).—Marry a man who is younger than I am? Dear me, no! Wait until you are twenty-five, Dickey. Then you'll be two years older than I am, and it will be perfectly proper.

THE MAN who leaves footprints in the sands of time never realizes what he has done so suddenly as the man who does the same act on a newly-scrubbed kitchen floor.

PUCK'S WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR NUMBER

Contains reproductions of the choicest work that has appeared in PUCK, with brief description of PUCK's methods and progress. A splendid example of American humor, color-printing and typography. On sale at PUCK BUILDING, Jackson Park, Chicago, during the World's Fair; also by all newsdealers. 64 pages. Price, 50 cents.

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FORCE OF HABIT



DAWSON.—Popleigh gives himself great airs since he became father of twins. Just look at the position of those arms!

(The true cause of Popleigh's airs.)

DUSTY DOOLITTLE IN MAINE.



NO VOICE IN THE MATTER.

EDITOR.—The style of this article is too severe and stilted.

YOUNG SCRIBBLE.—But it's a translation from the great Victor Hugo.

EDITOR.—That's nothing; just change it. He'll never know the difference; he's dead.

UNAPPETIZING.

JINKS.—I can't understand how shipwrecked sailors ever starve to death.

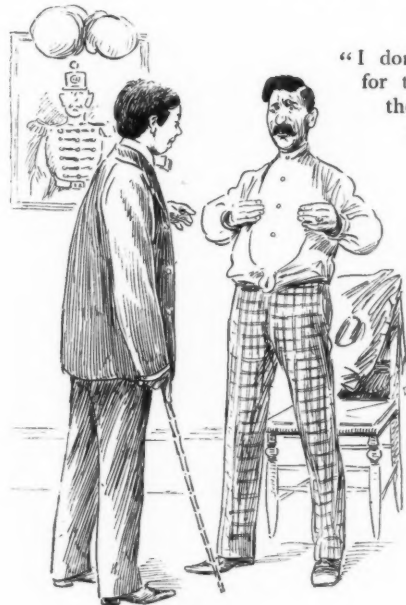
FILKINS.—Why not?

JINKS.—Because, I just came over from Liverpool, and I never once felt the least desire to eat.

CUT HIS OWN THROAT.

CARRUTHERS.—George Carver's marriage broke you all up, old man.

WAITE.—I should say it did! Why, you see, I loaned that man money to take a trip South, so as to have a clear field, and he used it to elope with my girl!



PROOF.

CHARLEY BRONSON.—Have you a good laundress?

HARDY UPTON.—You bet. She does work for some of the best-dressed men in town. Just look at the quality of this shirt that came in my wash to-day.

SAYS UNCLE DEWVUM: "T ain't nowers likely that an individual would be any less impatient an' excitable than a settin' hen on aigs, if he wuz placed in the same position."

THE DIFFERENCE between marbles and billiards is about ten years in the age of the player.

A VALID CLAIM.

"I don't see what claim you have for this accident insurance," said the Agent. "You were thrown out of a wagon, I admit, but, on your own statement, you were not hurt."

"Well, was n't it by the merest accident I escaped injury?" suggested the claimant.

A SMART GIRL.

MRS. NEWGOLD.—Genevieve—Albertine—you are not playing that duet together. One of you is a bar ahead of the other.

GENEVIEVE (*proudly*).—Well, I was the one that was ahead, anyway!

WHAT IS home made vinegar without a mother?

MANY FRIENDSHIPS last because there is the width of a street between the friends.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

HE philosophizes.

"We've enough to eat,
And enough to wear;
We've each other, Sweet,
So, why need we care?"

SHE rebukes him.

"We've enough to eat,"
She sighed; "that's true;
But enough to wear!—
O you great GOOSE, you!"
Harry Romaine.



THE SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

JIM PANZEE.—Well, I've got six hundred cocoanuts to stick up at three to one, that Patsy does Brute Brady up in three rounds, next Tuesday night.

SOCIAL.

BLACK.—I wish you would join our lodge, Brown, for the sociability of the thing, if for nothing more.

BROWN.—Carter, one of your brothers, took my name in last week. Has n't he said anything to you about it?

BLACK.—No; we don't speak to each other.

WHEN A MAN gets so he can't smoke it's time to send for the doctor.

VANITY.

Among the vain men whom we meet,
The vainest one of all
Is he who boasts of his little feet,
When his head is just as small!



THE DEFECTION OF MARIA HEPWORTH.

THE LAST sleeping-car on the overland train contained five women who were on their way to a missionary station in South Africa. Two of them were returning to their labors, after a brief vacation. The others had only recently enlisted in the army of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. One of the latter was Miss Maria Hepworth.

Maria had lived her thirty years of maidenhood in a New England village. In her person she presented a pleasing freedom from the angularity with which profane history has identified the daughters of New England. In the matter of religion, however, she was all that the New England environment suggests. Sin and unsound doctrine were equally abominable in her sight. In her own little town, ever since she had been old enough to connect her active conscience with religion, she had labored to save her fellow-creatures from the fate foreshadowed by the Westminster catechism. Her fame as a tireless worker in the good cause grew until she was selected for the African mission. So she had left the little field for the larger field that her masterly ability seemed to demand. The route of the party was to San Francisco by rail, thence by steamer to the land of Paganism.

Maria had found much to condemn along her journey to the West. There is a prodigality about the western landscape, with its wanton waste of valley and mountain, a sense of unrestrained, bounding, animal life, that illy accorded with the spirit of her training and the old environment. The keen air searches out all the unused corners of the brain, causing odd fancies and strange whims to grow. It mingles with the blood, coursing through the veins at unwonted speed; it brightens the eyes and ideas, engenders impulses to inhale deep breaths, to walk rapidly, to laugh, to sing, and to make other spirited protests against inertia.

Maria was susceptible to these influences, but rebelled against them with true Puritan perspicacity, as promptings of the Devil. To this rarified atmosphere, bearing some secret of dynamics, she ascribed the reckless, disorderly spirit of all Westerners.

Maria and her companions were the sole occupants of the Pullman until they reached Palisade. At this point they were



intruded upon by a bearded desperado of a most terrifying aspect. He was not a large man, but his rough garb, long, thick, unkempt beard and hair, and his quick movements, precluded all honesty of purpose. The stern reserve that had thus far fortified the emissaries of the W. F. M. S. now vanished. The porter recognized its absence and brushed their hats and wraps all around, his previous overtures in this direction having met with haughty rebuffs.

During this process, they eyed the enemy defiantly, as calling upon him to witness that they were not entirely without resource in case of emergency. However atrocious his designs might be, the ruffian did not seem to contemplate their immediate execution. He appeared, rather, to attempt to lull suspicion by counterfeiting shyness, and pretending to be ill at ease under their combined surveillance. One of the party remembered that men of this class exist in a state of chronic intoxication, and often amuse themselves by shooting out the lights. They were glad it was not yet dark, although, robbed of his favorite pastime, they feared he might devise something still more disquieting. He noted their repellant attitude by covert glances, between which he gazed out of the window or up at the decorated ceiling, combed his fingers through his beard, and made other futile attempts to appear at his ease.

An hour passed, and the suspense had grown mutually irksome. The enemy seemed to decide upon a plan of action, and hastily left the car, evidently with a view of precipitating hostilities in some fiendish manner. Soon the train boy appeared and deposited in Section 9:

1 large basket of assorted fruit, including five boxes of figs.

5 prize packages, containing gaudy confectionery and various trinkets of doubtful utility and no aesthetic value.

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3 paper bound novels, entitled, respectively, "The Phantom Bride," "Ambling Abe, the Government Detective," and "Married but yet a Widow." 2 Police Gazettes.

This peace offering was presented with the respectful compliments of Joe Toombs. They condemned the literature without reservation. They were regarding the fruit with interest, when the donor re-appeared and cautiously seated himself where a quick exit could be made if expedient. Maria approached him intrepidly. She had not decided whether to thank the creature or rebuke him. She was satisfied, however, that he was not actively dangerous. He cowered under her accusing glance, coughed nervously and said:

"Powerful lonesome ridin' on cars; help pass time; no 'fense meant, ma-am; hope you 'll eat 'em."

He was not such a terrifying man, once you heard his voice; on the contrary there was something quite winning in his manner. His smile was evidently propitiatory, though it was almost wholly concealed by his beard. His anxiety lest his offering should be rejected gave Maria license to patronize him.

"Yes, the fruit does look nice, looks real good; much obliged, all of us, I'm sure," she replied complacently.

"You come from the East?" he ventured.

"Yes, all of us, from away East."

"I was East once, fur as Denver; did n't like it, though; too stiff in their ways."

With a true missionary zeal, that was leavened, perhaps by the native curiosity which this strange denizen of the West excited, Maria questioned him concerning his history.

"Wall, I tell ye," he said, frankly; "I allus hev lived in Nevada; but I'm a-goin' to git out of it fer a spell, now. I been a-workin' a prospect hole down there at Pinto fer goin' on two year. First they was a feller grub-staked me to it. But she did n't pan out fer shucks, 'n' this feller, he threw it up. Then I kep' pluggin' away at her myself, coz they wa'n't nothin' else to do; but still she did n't pan."

"Wall, one day I was sittin' out on th' dump, 'n' thinkin' I'd best quit her, — coz when things don't come a man's way right off he gits to thinkin' his name is pants — an' then I says, says I, I'll go in that there tunnel 'n' put in another shot, 'n' if that don't fetch somethin', I says, why, I'll be — uh — why, the thing can go to the — why, anybody could hev it as wanted it, I says."

"So I goes 'n' puts the shot in, 'n' then, when I'd let her off, I goes back in, 'n' there was the good stuff a-showin', jes' like it had been a'waitin' fer me all that time."

"Did you ever find any gold in your mine?" asked Maria, whose mind had not fully grasped the idioms of Mr. Toombs.

"Yes, yes — I found a good streak, 'n' fer fear it'd pinch out I ups 'n' sells a half to a man fer twelve thousan' dollars right away. But she did n't pinch, 'n' we 're workin' her now; — 'n' I got the twelve thousan' right here in my clothes, too," he concluded, triumphantly.

Money is money, East or West, and idiom never obscures its meaning.

"My! but that was good — real nice," said Maria. "You going far?"

"Frisco," said Mr. Toombs, shortly.

"Going to invest your money, I s'pose?"

"Oh, jest goin' to look around a little!"

"Going to live there, I s'pose?"

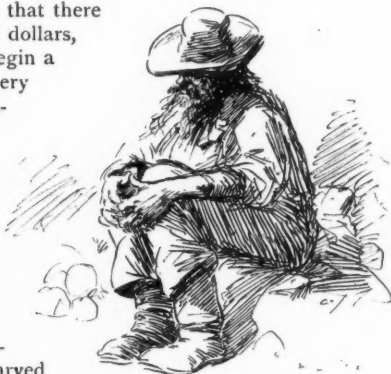
"Jest goin' to stop there awhile," persisted Mr. Toombs, doggedly.

An awkward silence followed. Mr. Toombs fidgeted uncomfortably.

Maria arose stiffly and made her way back to her companions. She told them that there

was a man with twelve thousand dollars, on his way to a wicked city to begin a life of dissipation. Mr. Toombs very properly became an object of loathing to the entire party. And yet, Maria felt, despite his disreputable appearance and his vicious intentions, that there must be some good in the man.

As for the criminal, he found himself in the strange position of trying to justify a course that had, until then, seemed to him absolutely unsailable. If he had slaved and starved all his life, and now had money for the first time, why should n't he have all the pleasure it could give him? And how could his ideas of pleasure be anybody's business but his own? Still he was bothered with the new-born suspicion that, in someway, it was not



(Concluded on page 326, this number.)



A PRIZE.

BRICKER BRACK.—Now, this is the most valuable piece of porcelain in my collection—worth at least two hundred and seventy-five dollars.

VISITOR.—Why, it's been broken and repaired!

BRICKER BRACK.—Yes; that's just what makes it so valuable. It was broken into a hundred fragments, and it cost me two hundred and fifty dollars to have it put together.

A KIND OF CHESTERFIELD.



WHAT A COURTLY, lordly manner
Has this polished, gracious swell,
Who is ever bowing, bending,
Like a wind-swayed lily bell!

All extol his lofty bearing
When he bows and lifts his hat,
F'er urbane and sweetly smiling,
No one ever fancies that

He acquired this thirty-seven
Cent politeness long ago,
When he was the head floor-walker
With Shennannigan & Co.

R. K. M.

BUNCOED.

MISS PLAINLY.—Your charming little boy talks so cunning, Mrs. Newmarm. I gave him some bonbons. "Miss Plainly," he said, just like a little man, "I think you are bootiful."

DELIGHTED MAMA.—The little scamp! Do you know, that child will say anything for sweetmeats.



TIME'S INEQUALITY.

DOLAN.—Phwhat are yez settin' dhere fur? Phwhy don't yez git to worruk?

CLANCY.—Oi was t'inkin' what a foine country dhis wud be, if Saturday noight kim round as af'n as Monday marnin'.

A COMPARISON.

"How did you find society in Philadelphia?"

"Their gay season is like our Lent, and their Lent is like one of our rainy Sundays."

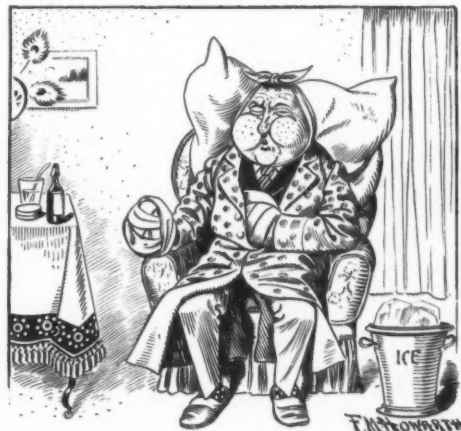
A HARBINGER OF LUCK.



TOWNSEND (*spending a day in the country*).
—Eureka! Eureka! A four-leaf clover!
Now I WILL have luck with a big L!



But just then he put his foot into a hornets' nest and—



He will be out in a month if he has luck.

just the wise thing to lay out that money as he had planned. Maria's searching gaze had stirred him more than her words. He wondered why he had never met anyone like her before. He said to himself a number of times that she was "a fine figger of a woman."

In the night the train stopped near where a bridge had been washed away. As Joe stepped from the car in the early light, and looked up and down the one straggling street of the town, he was attracted by the sanguinary front of a barber shop. He waited an hour for the barber's arrival, and proved a good customer. He had his face shorn of its tangled beard, his hair trimmed, oiled, and plastered down over his forehead in a shiny arc. From the barber shop he entered the general store of Marcus Cohn and purchased a coat. It was a long, blue coat, with a velvet collar, a coat of extraordinary merit as to style and texture; in fact it was a special coat that Mr. Cohn had been saving for his absurdly fastidious brother in Sacramento. It was only upon his hearty assurance that another, of similar excellence, could be obtained in the East, that Joe consented to take it. Mr. Cohn tentatively stated the price at \$26.50. The alacrity with which his offer was accepted plunged him into a fit of lowering abstraction, which was only slightly chastened when his customer refused to take his old coat with him.



When Joe returned to the train Maria beheld him divested of his last terrifying attribute. His face attracted her; it was not vicious, but wanting a certain firmness. His mouth, with its short upper lip and whimsical curves, and his narrow chin, appealed to her strongly. It is not wise for man to bare his face to the world if he wishes to conceal his nature. The barber invariably exposes unsuspected lines. Joe's character was now unmistakably limned upon the surface the razor had bared. His need of a manager was proclaimed. Maria, in a managerial capacity, had always been preëminent.

They found much to talk of during a short forenoon. Maria told of her mission. Joe did not enthuse. He said: "Ain't there plenty heathens right here at yer door?" with a comprehensive sweep of his arm that credited Maria with an improbable expanse of door.

In the afternoon they walked down to the end of the track where the bridge had been washed away, and even ventured a little distance down the cañon, where the swollen stream noisily followed them. Joe told her about Pinto, and his cabin on the mountain side, and how the mine was worked. He was venturesome enough to say that Pinto needed a few women like herself; that there were men there, and women too, going to the Devil faster than any heathen African could; whereat Maria grew reflective. The other missionaries looked askance at the growing friendship. This caused Maria some misgiving; but she looked at Joe and justified herself.

Early the next morning Joe paid another visit to the store of Mr. Cohn. He bought a light-blue satin cravat, which Mr. Cohn assured him was so expensive because it was of English make. He also replaced his frankly disreputable slouch hat with a derby of a shape proscribed by the effete East a dozen years before.

During the forenoon he remained with Maria about the train. Every moment brought them nearer together and developed their destinies with precipitous haste. Acquaintanceship is a matter of mood, environment and mutual adaptability; time is the least important factor.

Once Maria found him at the back of the little red station, seated on a barrel, industriously smoking a black pipe.

"Had n't smoked since last night after you was gone to bed," he explained, as he quickly emptied the pipe.

"But why not? I'd just as soon you'd smoke," said Maria.

The nice care with which he refilled his pipe, the leisurely manner in which he lighted it, and the peaceful luxury of the first puffs were so many testimonials of the high regard in which the smoker held Miss Hepworth. When the pipe was finished he showed a nervous constraint that soon

communicated itself to his friend. He spoke but little, moved continually about the train and the station, among the other passengers, and yet he was never far from Maria.

In the afternoon they walked again to the end of the track and turned down the stream. The mountains encroached high upon the vivid blue of the sky; the cañon, with its wooded sides, was dark and cool, and alive with the harmony of the breeze and the rushing water. He took her hand to help her over a fallen tree, and retained it while they scrambled to the bank of the stream, when he released it, apparently much against his will. He swallowed something twice with much difficulty, before he found his voice; he was obliged to speak up loud, because the water broke into white foam over a great many gray boulders, and made quite a roar about it.

"Miss Hepworth, I wish't ye'd marry me and go back to Pinto and live; I can get a good house there, with plaster'n' inside of it, that'll be cumf'table, and I'll go to work on the claim. I don't want the money now, if you'll take keer of it; I was on'y goin' down there coz I did n't know what else to do with it; and, some way, it looks as though if I had you with me things would go better." An anxious pause: "Will you?"

Maria had suspected it, even though she had never been made love to before. She had even argued with herself about her duty. This field of usefulness had never been opened to her when she decided to become a missionary. She was a self-reliant woman who thought quickly. Her answer was a plain "yes," delivered nervously.

Mr. Toombs seized her hand again, and he may have had other designs, but he did not carry them out. He said:

"Mine's 'Joe'; what's your'n?"

All the tall fir trees looked sternly down at Joe, the rocks glowered at him, and a fringe of bushes along the stream, abetted by the wind, kept dodging about and eying him ominously. Maria was looking at him, too. It was very solemn to him; he raised his voice above the chorus once more and said: "We'll take the first train fer Reno and git it done there."

The gravity of the situation had become oppressive. They returned to the sunlight, where Joe was glad to assure himself that everything was real and all right.



Let us assume as a representative heathen who would have fallen to Maria's charge, a middle-aged African who had lived strictly up to the only religion it had thus far pleased heaven to send him — even to the extent of eating palatable heretics. Being told that this religion is monstrous, is it not likely he would reject a substitute infinitely more exacting and carrying distasteful innovations into his simple ritual? Thus, still supposing him ready to forsake his idols, would he not spend his remaining days in doubt and die in a state of wretched apostasy, adhering to neither religion and doomed by both?

Joe Toombs, residing in a community where the soul-losing facilities are as superior to those of the Congo as its civilization, is without a religion, but will acquire one. He will probably live a decent life, whereas, before, he would have led a bad life, with the hearty endorsement of his untaught conscience.

For us the right of Maria's choice is thus established. Unfortunately this reasoning would be sophistry to her. To her mind, inclination has, with its infamous versatility, assumed the blinding disguise of duty, and has extorted from her conscience a meek assent to what it will heartily denounce, later. All her life this sin will weigh upon her, causing her to be deplorably lax in her judgement of other sinners, since she will realize the awful power of some temptations. But, as Conscience can be the only true guide in life, Maria did wrong, even though she did right.

JACKS.

Red were her cheeks; bronze-red her hair;

Red were the roses tangled there;

And two red lips half-pouting said:

"They all are Jack's — that's why they're red."

Albert Hardy.

THERE is often in loss a gain to match. Æschylus is deemed more sublime than Euripides, because his bad plays have perished.

A CINCH.

"What a very fortunate woman Mrs. Tipper is! Her husband never spares expense in gratifying her every wish."

"Is he so very rich?"

"No; but Mrs. Tipper is one of those enviable people who can have hysterics at will."

"A WORD TO the wise is sufficient;" but the unwise need the poke of a policeman's club.

A TRUTH RE-CAST.

To every mortal man there comes

Once in his life a chance

To rise; but if he lets it slip

His name henceforth is Pants.

THE DEVIL'S favorite fish is fried soles.

EVERY MAN has his price, except those that are worth buying.



WESTERN VERSE.

SHE WAS a languid maiden
Of the *Æsthetic School*;
I, waxing sentimental,
Called her a poem in tulle.

Her Greek-shaped head was classic,
Her pose was rhythmic, sweet;
I thought her lines were perfect
Until I scanned her feet.

Carolyn Wells.

WILLING TO REMEDY HIS DEFECTS.

"You have no ancestry," said Mr. Blueblud
to Chollie Noo, who wished to marry Miss Blue-
blud. "You are a man of no family."

"That's why I wish to marry," said Chollie. "I wish to start a family."

IF THERE were no greater fools in the world, we would n't be nearly so well satisfied with ourselves as we are.



QUESTION.

BROWN (to JONES, who has just picked up a purse).—
I suppose you'll advertise for the owner?

JONES.—I don't know. Let's see how much is in it.

NOT LAWFUL.

CHAIRMAN CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE.—What excuse have you for not giving the Indians what they deserve?

RESERVATION AGENT.—The law does n't permit us to kill them.

A TRADE SECRET.

KOWNTER.—Did Taype marry that rich widow to whom he pretended to be an English lord?

SAYLES.—No; he gave himself dead away. One afternoon when she wished him to call her little daughter, what did the blamed fool do but begin to bawl out, "Cash! Cash!"

CHARITY WHICH begins at home frequently finds itself too busy to go out.

WITH INCONSISTENT woman, a "sight to behold" and "not fit to be seen" are synonymous terms.

HUMILITY is the uniform worn by arrogance when on dress parade.



A BIG REDUCTION.

UNCLE RYESTRAW.—Wall, if ye 'll make th' price low enough I'll take this coat.

SCHWINDELBAUM (*confidentially*).—Dot coad ish marked to sell at "K. O. O.," as you see. Now, mein friendt, I tells you vat I do; seein' dot it ish you, I vill knock off der double-o und led you haf it at "K." Der goods belongs to mein brodder-in-law, und I wants to break him oop in pusiness.

A NOMADIC RACE.

FIRST FLOOR.—How many servants do you keep?

HIGH FLAT.—None; but we have no end of 'em as casual visitors.

A FEMALE PARADISE.

No doubt that every woman would
Walk in the straight and narrow way,
If Heaven were a mammoth store
And every day were bargain-day.

P. T.



A MARVELOUS CHANGE.

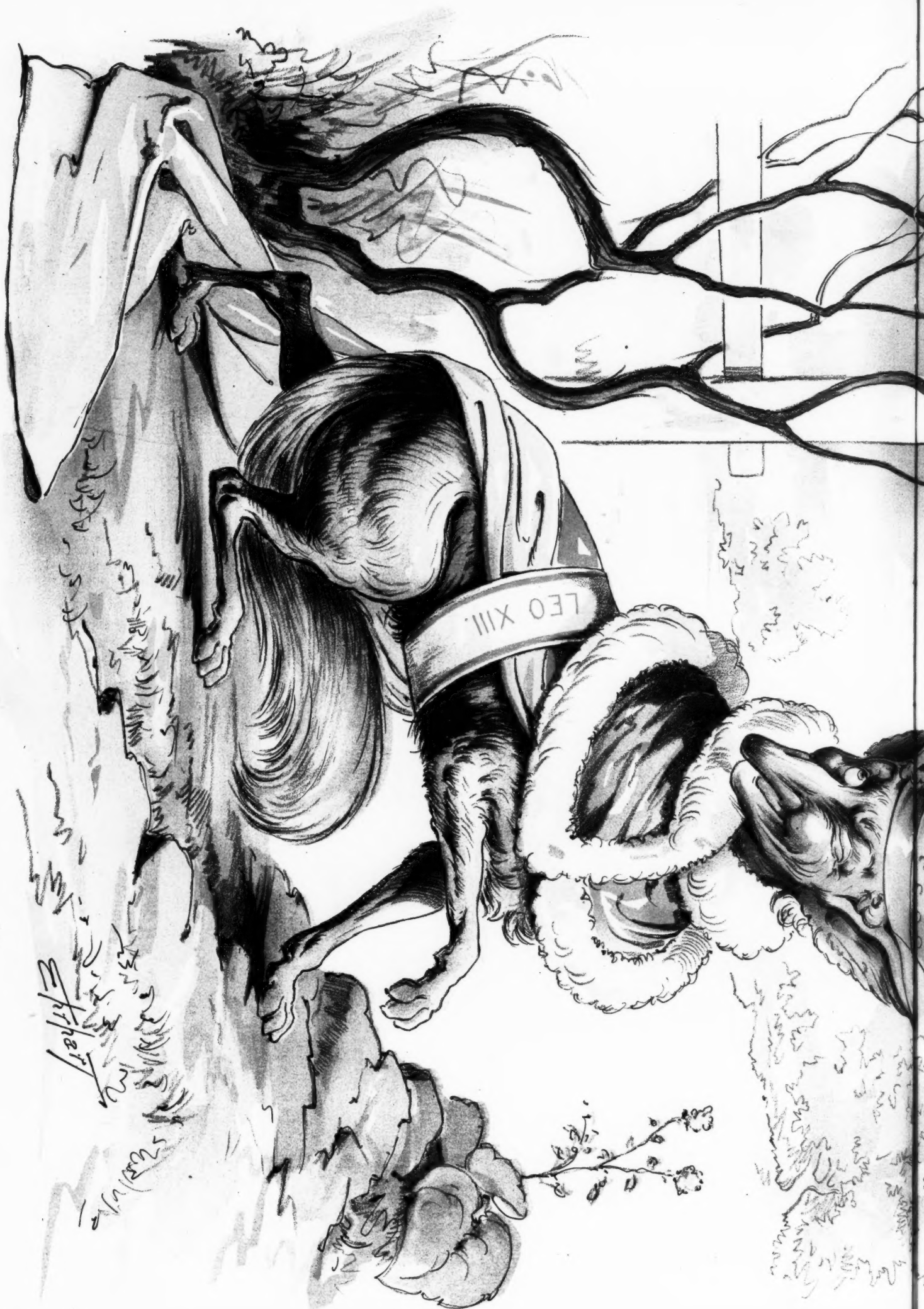
What is the matter with this poor man?
He seems to be all broken up.

He does look rather poorly, that's a fact. He is going to be examined for a pension.

This can not be the same man! Why, he's the picture of health and vigor!

Oh, yes, it is the same man; but, you see, he's going to be examined for life-insurance, now.

SOUR GRAPES!



PUCK.





AMPLEY QUALIFIED.

RECRUITING OFFICER.—I'm afraid you are not heavy enough for a cavalryman. We want men who can ride right over everything, if necessary.

APPLICANT.—That's all right, Cap.—I've been a New York truck-driver for seven years!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LATCHKEY.



'M OLD and battered and bent.

But I remember the day when, bright and new, I jingled proudly on the big chain-ring of a prosperous Harlem householder. Those were peaceful, happy days. But a change came.

The Young Gentleman of the house attained the latchkey age. One morning I was presented to him at the breakfast table with many admonitions to treat me kindly and not to strain the privileges which I bestowed.

The Young Gentleman and I at once began a very riotous life, for which I was mainly responsible. One cold Winter night during my sporting career, I was left sticking in the outside keyhole. This I have forgiven, for I have since learned that it was the result of an oversight rather than of malice.

But my life of frivolity closed then. I was found by the Old Gentleman, who immediately confiscated me.

Then came another change.

One day a Man with a Loud Voice came to the house and pulled the furniture around and made chalk-marks on the backs of bureaus and on the bottoms of chairs. A few days later a lot of visitors came. It was evidently some holiday, for a big, red flag was hung out the parlor window.



A TREAT IN STORE.

COINSTEIN.—Ikey, led's go oudt.

GOLDBERG.—No; vaidt undil dey dakes up der gollection, und ve sees all der money.

The visitors plumped down in the easy chairs and said they did not think they were "all hair." They jabbed the mattresses, and poked canes and umbrellas at the pictures. The Old Gentleman was there. He pulled me from the big ring and gave me to The Man With The Loud Voice.

I saw tears in the Old Gentleman's eyes.

For a long time I hung on a hook in a real estate office, with a greasy card tied to me. Then A Nice Bustling Old Lady took me away. She carried me to a man who made a dozen just like me.

At this time I began my downward career.

I was given to The Young Woman in the third-floor front. How my spirit revolted when I was tied to a trunk key with a bit of blue ribbon!

One day there came a Typewriting Girl to room with The Young Woman. The Typewriting Girl knew a lot of other typewriting girls, and they called very often evenings and ate ham and crackers and drank tea they made over the gas and told stories about typewriting young men.

But The Nice Bustling Old Lady made a fuss because the door bell rang so often. She said unpleasant things about third-floor lodgers.

So, instead of ringing the bell, the typewriting girls stood across the street and tried to whistle. The Young Woman would toss me out on the pavement.

For the life of me I don't see how that trunk key stood it. But the typewriting girls did n't care until one night it was found that I was bent and would not turn the latch. I was taken downstairs and The Nice



QUITE HANDY.

MRS. SKINNER (to boarder, who is slightly indisposed).—Don't you think a cup of weak tea would do you good, Mr. Thompson?

THE BOARDERS (in chorus).—Yes! Pour him out a cup, Mrs. Skinner.

Bustling Old Lady sent me to a man who put me in a vise and filed and pounded me.

Then I went back; but, oh! my poor battered brass had been converted into an Area Door Key!

I hang now on a nail in the kitchen. I go out to the butcher's and the baker's and have a day out with the second girl. And sometimes—let me whisper—I rush the Grow—Sh! Cooky's getting the pitcher now!

Charles Edward Rich.

CROSSING THE CAMPUS.

MISS PRETTY.—Oh, I wish I could have gone to college!

SOPHOMORE COUSIN (bowing again).—Why?

MISS PRETTY.—It must be nice to know so many men!

CONSTITUTIONAL.

"I took a long walk yesterday," said Boreman, as he took a seat by Busyman's desk.

"Take another, old man," suggested Busyman; "it'll do us both good."

AN OVERSIGHT.

CHICAGO WAITER.—Have n't you forgotten something, sir?

WORLD'S FAIR VISITOR.—What?

CHICAGO WAITER.—To kick about the amount of your check.



EDUCATED FOR IT.

UPSON.—You were a witness to-day, I hear, Uncle Dan'l; how did you stand the cross-examination?

UNCLE DAN'L.—Oh, pretty fair; pretty fair; 't was rather cross at times, but Ma hain't hed me in trainin' fer nigh onter sixty year fer nothin'!

A PLOT UNEARTHED.

WILLIE DIX.—What does hoss flies do when they is punched?

DIX.—Why do you ask?

WILLIE DIX.—'Cos Dick Hicks has got a hull hive full of 'em, an' he wanted me to take a stick an' stir 'em up.

SETTING THE PACE.

ENGLISH POLITICIAN.—You seem to be much faster in this country than we are in England.

AMERICAN POLITICIAN.—Yes—here we run for Congress, while over there you merely stand for Parliament.

STAGE REALISM.

SAIDSO.—The West can give us points on stage realism. I saw some of it last trip.

HERDSO.—What?

SAIDSO.—A dyspeptic little cockney playing *Simon Legree*, and thumping the life out of Peter Jackson as *Uncle Tom*.

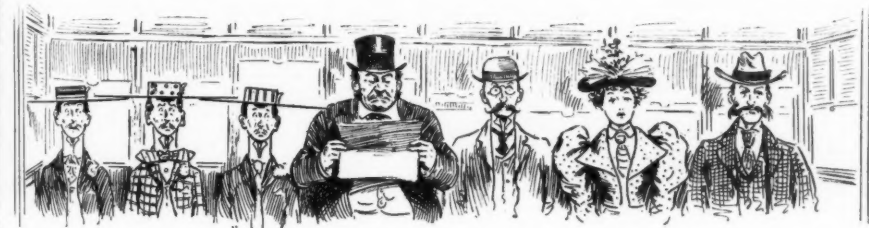
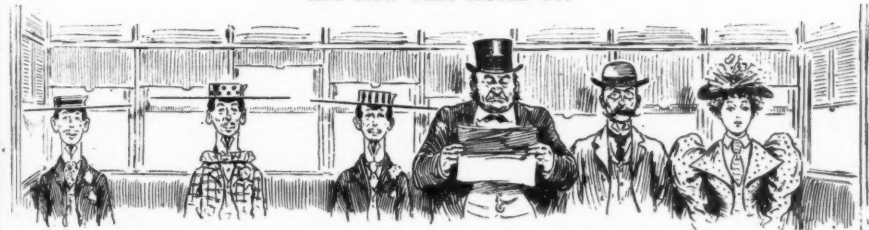
PROVEN.

HARDHEAD.—Theorists are fools.

THINKHARD.—Indeed! That's your theory, eh?

CHOLLY, WILLIE, AND HARRY.

AND HOW THEY MOVED UP.



HEARTY CO-OPERATION.

THESPI.—Was the banquet scene a success?

RANTER.—Yes, indeed! The audience supplied us with real eggs and vegetables.

A MILL RACE.—The Sprinting Prize-fight.

TOO SMALL FOR HIS PANTS.—The Skye Terrier.

ONE OF the New Jersey railroads is becoming so famous for the slowness of its trains that some of the commuters have abandoned whist and taken to chess.



HE IS ALWAYS AROUND.

MRS. SLOWLY.—Gracious! look at that man. What in the world is the matter with him?

MR. SLOWLY.—Oh! he's all right. That's the fool who is always first off the bridge-cars and ferry-boats.

HANDICAPPED.

JUDGE.—How is this? This is the third time you have been here in a month. Your insolence seems to be getting you into trouble all the time.

PRISONER.—I can't help it, yer Hanner. I used to be on the police force.

DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

"Why, Jack, have n't you been dyeing your moustache?"

"Yes. My rich uncle has just died, and I'm in mourning."

A MAN LITTLE dreams when making great efforts for success, that he is doing the very work that will one day make him conspicuous as a has-been.

THE BOYCOTT is a sort of trundle-bed of puerile coercion.

THE BEAR is a pretty tough customer when you meet him in a restaurant, fried.

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Extract of Beef.

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is folly when you might do better.

What is the matter with your time? A trifle fast? A little slow? Always a few minutes wrong?—Does your watch cost more to carry than it did to buy it? Repairs, regulating, cleaning; a dollar or two every time you bump it? You might save it over and over in a year; show just as much style and always be on time, too, with the new, **quick-winding Waterbury**.

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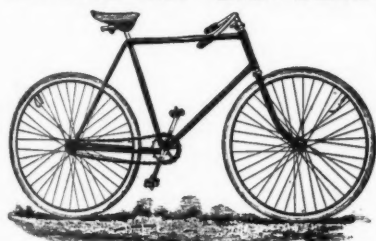
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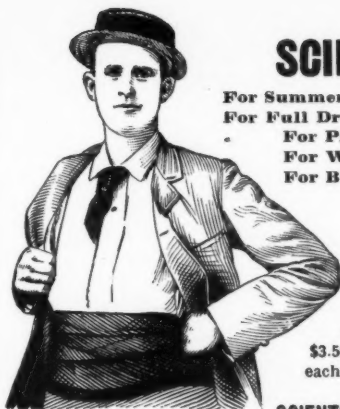


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to himself, "If the
moon I could get,
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my throat I could
wet; The moon is a



quarter—with a quar-
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propel himself on a Bicy-
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A HERO WORSHIPER — The Matinée Girl. — *World's Fair Puck.*

ADORER (anxiously). — What did your father say?

SWEET GIRL.—Oh, he got so angry I was afraid to stay and listen. He's in a perfectly terrible rage. Go in and appease him.—*New York Weekly.*

To quickly relieve Neuralgic Headache
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WIGGINS.—It seems sad to see Mrs. Flynn left a widow so young. SPRIGGINS.—Heavens, man! there's her husband standing right beside her.

WIGGINS.—Yes, I know; but she married his money, and that is all gone.—*Inter Ocean.*

"THAT's what I call greased lightning," said the electrician as he oiled the dynamo.—*World's Fair Puck.*

HIGGINS.—Oh, see the man with pink whiskers! Do you suppose a man with pink whiskers actually gets so he admires them?

SNIGGINS.—Oh, yes; they grow on him.—*World's Fair Puck.*

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Ladies Enjoy
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TOILET SOAP.

SOAP

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You never know what a good fellow a man really is until you meet him in a town where you are both strangers.—*Atchison Globe.*

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A Specific against Dyspepsia, and an Appetizer.

"Mud That is More Valuable Than Gold."

"There is no gold in the hills around our place, but there is mud that is more valuable than gold," said Mr. H. L. Kramer, who registered yesterday at the Auditorium, of Indiana Mineral Springs, Warren county, Ind. "It is a magnetic mineral mud and it is more valuable than gold, for it cures rheumatism in every form, no matter how long the victim has been a sufferer."

"Oh, no," laughingly replied Mr. Kramer to the reporter's question, "we do not give our patients mud to eat; it is made up of poitices and placed on the joint where the pain is most severe."

"It is only within the past few years that this wonderful Magnetic Mud deposit has been known. Large quantities of it have been carried away, and people are traveling far and near to our new hotel and bath-house, costing over \$150,000, which has just been completed, in order that they may drink the Magnetic Mineral water and bathe in the mud. There are upwards of two hundred people there to-day, and many have recovered so rapidly as to make it a wonder to themselves and their friends. We look forward to the time when people will be journeying to the Indiana Mineral Springs from every State and Territory in the Union, to be cured of chronic, rheumatic and kidney diseases that baffled the best medical skill."

"The mud is found immediately at the base of the centre of a horseshoe-shaped bluff, where the springs are also located, and it seems that the waters of the springs pouring forth there for countless ages, have thoroughly impregnated this deposit with mineral properties, and magnetized it so that when a steel blade is left in it, after a few hours it becomes thoroughly magnetized so you can take up a large darning needle."

Mr. A. L. Thomas, of the great advertising firm of Lord & Thomas, Chicago, is president of the Indiana Springs Co., who have lately developed the wonderful spring. He has issued a beautiful little pamphlet which tells all about this resort, and gives the experience of many prominent people who have been cured there within the last year. It will be sent by mail free upon request. Address A. L. Thomas, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago.—Chicago Tribune.

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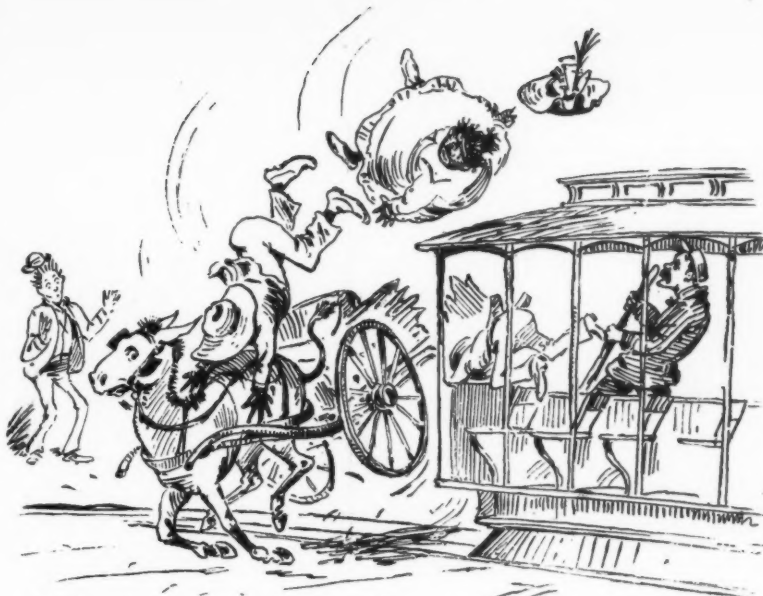
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CUTLER, THE TAILOR (delighted in anticipation of the settlement of a very old account).—Ah—yes; here it is already made out.
TEN BROKE (looking over account in surprise).—Why! It's not half as large as I thought it was. Just measure me for two new suits. (Tears up statement.)

CHANCE FOR DOUBT.

SHE (gushingly).—Will you love me when I'm old?

HE.—Love you? I shall idolize—um—er—you are not going to look like your mother, are you?—New York Weekly.

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